
Title: Overlord of Skara Brae

Author: Lord Rune Artisem

Angelica Di'Fona was quite a beautiful child. I was even impressed with the small bow that she gave to me when I entered the room along with Elrand Silverose. I nodded to Angelica's mother, Crystal Ice, who stood behind her daughter. It was a gift to this child that she did not bear much resemblance to her father, Prince Malicite Di'Fona of Nujelm. This child would do well to serve my purposes and return a small payment to her father for his defiance of my good friend Treadeau Du'Rome during the Hospice ordeal.

Crystal Ice introduced me to her, and like a good spoiled brat she returned the favor. She then began to pester her mother about what was going on as the sight of Silverose apparently was a bit startling for her. I chuckled and explained to the girl that her mother had brought her here to help the people of this town. Afterall, Skara Brae of the Trammel Facet had grown to become quite a happy place. People singing songs in their local tavern, telling stories of great battles within one of the dungeons, and even tales of walking through Castle British! It was truly sickening. But

something that would soon
be dealt with and
corrected.

Angelica Di'Fona was
moved into the center of
a small ritual area that
Crystal Ice had just put
into place. I removed an
ancient tome, that had
just so generously found
itself into my hands
thanks to the mages of
the Moonglow Lyceum,
and stood in front of
the dear girl. I let loose
a smile to dear Angelica
Di'Fona, and it was with
that that the ritual of
binding began.

It became obvious to me
that she was more of a
mother's girl than that
of a father's girl. For
she was able to catch on
quickly that something
was about. Perhaps it
was the praising of the
evil, or maybe the sounds
that were coming out
from the shadows.
Regardless, she tried to
escape the room. But
thanks to the dear
callings of her mother,
she returned and stood
shaken before me. It
was with that, I let loose
a small spell in order to
keep her from moving
about again. Such
annoyances were not
needed or cared for. I
then held about my most
prized possession... To
the eyes of peasants and
rats, it was nothing more
than a well decorated
wooden box with jewels
lining it. But it was a
bit more than that... It
was my phylactery... And
it would also now play
the key part of binding
the minds and wills of so
many people to me...

More words of Darkness began to issue from my tongue, as the ritual was nearing its end. I slowly began to float atop the ground and smiled at Angelica. A small potion then appeared in front of her... And like the zombie she now was, she took and drank this potion... The glass came crashing down to the floor as her entire body began to shake violently with the distortion of warts and blisters appearing across her skin. And within moments, Angelica Di'Fona laid dead upon the ground, her mother smiling the entire time this was occurring. A large black glow then began to emit from my phylactery and a stream of purple energy could be seen coming from Angelica's body and into the small wooden box. I then began to feel a burning sensation through my entire body for what seemed to be ages... And then... It was over...

I returned back upon the ground feeling much the same way I had. The black glow that was coming from my phylactery was gone, as was the purple-energy stream from Angelica's body. Had the ritual been a success? Had I accomplished what I had hoped for? There was no sign or nothing to be seen... I rushed out of the room and into the streets of Skara Brae... Such a beautiful sight it was... The happiness was gone... As was the laughter, good times, and story telling... All of it was gone... And in it's

place was that of a
desolute people whose
minds and wills now
belonged to me... The
source that held the
binding of the ritual was
held within that of my
own... For as long as my
phylactery remained intact
so would I exist, and now
so would my hold over
the people of Skara Brae
within the Trammel
Facet...

"I am Skara Brae and
Skara Brae is now
myself..." I muttered to
myself...

My laughter of utter joy
soon replaced the silly
tavern songs and dungeon
tales...

Later, I smiled as one of
my new found sheep
poured the red wine into
my goblet. The look of
despair and hopeless upon
his face was truly
wonderful. Elrand
Silverose entered into my
meeting room of the
town hall and informed
me that members of the
Order of the Ebon Skull,
Stormreaver Orc Clan,
and the city of Caina had
sent people to my calls.
A few ravens returned
from others that
expressed working with
the new government of
Skara Brae but regretted
their inability to send
someone to speak with
us. The first man to
enter the room was
Dryzzid Losstarot. He
was, of course, followed
by a small group of
those of the Order.
Caina's Faerl D'vlos
entered with them and
stood behind Dryzzid.
They were followed by
perhaps one of the most

blood thirsty beings within
our realm... For the
ways of Grishnak the Orc
Chieftain of the
Stormreaver Orc Clan,
was well feared
throughout all reaches of
the land. I smiled and
greeted each one of them
and they in return gave
their greetings.

Lynne Darkthorne, who
sat next to me, gave an
interesting hate filled look
to one of the sheep who
had dropped a glass upon
the floor. Crystal Ice
let loose a small laugh at
this. I stood up and
welcomed them all to my
new domain.

I gave a speech on how
the Society of the
Arcane Shadows had been
searching for a specific
tome and that we had
finally found that it was
hidden within Moonglow's
Lyceum. I then told of
our delightful raid upon it
and the finding of the
tome we had been
searching weeks for. I
explained how the tome
contained a powerful
ritual of binding of a
large group of people's
mind and will to one's
wishes. And that this
had been done within
Skara Brae Trammel. I
then declared myself the
Overlord of Skara Brae
Trammel and told them of
all the beautiful splendors
we could bring to the
Trammel Facet. Many
things were spoken of
from trade routes to
how Grishnak would remove
GreyPaw's head off. I
then made the
announcement that all ties
with Lord British and his
Regent were to be
severed, and that

Moonglow was to be
declared an enemy that
should be destroyed.
Skara Brae then allied
itself with that of the
Shadow Conclave and the
cities of Caina,
Wintermoor, and Maganica
along with several other
guilds like that of the
Cult of Infernal
Necromancy and Agrach
Dyrr. A pigeon also
bearing the seal of
Xanthar of Wintermoor
arrived during this
meeting as well offering
his pleasure in this news.
And even the feared
Sea Dogs would send
word to watch the
waters of Skara Brae
from any idiotic would-be
invader!

It then came time to
create the Skara Brae
Council, in which I would
rule as its Overlord...
Each group had named a
representative that would
sit upon the newly
formed Council... It would
be the Council to decide
on things such as laws,
rights of passage, and
most importantly that of
war... Within what
seemed to be a short
period of time our
delightful little meeting
had meet its conclusion.
The allies of Skara Brae
slowly left one by one
until all that remained
was myself and The
Society... We were all
quite pleased with this...
Afterall... It was a
pleasant thought to finally
witness the forces of
Darkness taking root
within Trammel...